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GAR SQUARE.

THE SICK BABIES' "FOURTH"

The National Holiday did not bring any relief to the babies who lay suffering in the tenement-houses. Happily the day was not so hot as it generally is, but it was not so much as to give the babies a rest. The tenement-house region is the one most heavily given to the cracker habit, and the splitting pop of a bunch of these small explosives is not soothing or conducive to sleep.

The sick babies, then, celebrated the "Fourth" by a little extra worry, and are more than ever worthy of charitable assistance to-day.

Do not let the good work languish. So much generosity has been shown towards the little sufferers by good-hearted people that their worthy example should find ready imitators. This is not a work which can be carried out at a trifling expense. But a small contribution from thousands would more than supply the needed funds and not tax any one heavily. Do not defer your donation.

THE SUFFERING CLOAKMAKERS

The impoverished condition of the cloakmakers becomes more trying every day. Assistance to these unhappy workers is not supplied to any extent and their condition is becoming very pitiable. There are many in New York City in the habit of realizing that a man with strength, good-will and energy can be reduced to beholding his wife and children waste away with hunger before his eyes while his hands are idle, yet that is what is seen at this moment in many a poor room where a cloakmaker lives.

Their landlords are beginning to drive them out of even these squalid quarters. Homeless, without bread, and unable to obtain work to secure it, it is to be wondered that these unfortunates are filled with a bitterness that approaches desperation?

AN OPEN QUESTION

The Detroit Museum of Art has been constrained to cover its casts of nude classic statues with clothes. If the community of that town lacks the cultivation which can enjoy the exquisite beauty of these nude statues without being roused to lust or having their nudity only excite a coarse prurience, it would be better not to have a museum of fine arts.

To bury the offending nudity of those classic statues under inartistic dabs of plaster seems almost an aesthetic sin. The dead sculptors who modelled those peerless forms have a right that the beauty of their work shall not be marred.

Poor, naughty-minded Detroit!

The American Riflemen in Berlin gave a brilliant Fourth of July banquet at the Kaiserhof, yesterday evening, while a concert was given in the morning. Many Americans of note were present. Minister Phelps made a very commendable effort to pinch the American eagle till he screamed, and partially succeeded. He certainly did a great deal when he extolled in warm terms President Harrison, picturing him as a great man with a wide grasp. Mr. Phelps ignored one of the most decorative features of the present Administration. Not a word about Baby McKim.

A marriage in a balloon would seem to be the commencement of a very unhappy matrimonial relation. When two persons are silly enough to make their marriage a sensational feature of an aeronaut's ascension they can hardly be supposed to have the good common sense which is the surest if not an over-observance of happiness in married life. This airy marrying is too airy altogether.

Connecticut had one pure and unadulterated joy—wild-cherry rum. This year a fancy price will be demanded for this delicious beverage. The caterpillars, who like their cherries without any rum, have chewed up all the cherry trees. The natives are fonder of rum than they are of caterpillars, and much chagrin is felt over the wild-cherry rum prospect for this year. It is a shame.

A son of a noble German family has married the rich daughter of an American brewer. The old tradition in international matches is thus preserved, Europe supplying the husband of rank and America furnishing dollars galore with an accompanying bride.

Maine towns are suffering from an excess of worthless cures which bite people and give them hydrophobia. One mad dog is an excess, and where they occur in quantities it is time for the townspeople to begin to carry guns.

A woman thirty-seven years of age has been married nine times and divorced eight. Marriage with her is a confirmed habit and so, apparently, is divorce. How queer she would feel to be made a widow!

The Niagara Rapids fool has been saved. This became a copious of the raging waters tossed him across. Such encouragement is to be deplored.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads and Fashions that Interest the Gentler Sex.

A New Water-Proof Faced Cloth—

Mme. Modjeska's Amiable

Ways—Bab's Remarks

on Garters.

NEW material, and

one which cannot fail

to be popular, is water-

proofed, faced cloth.

The name is some-

thing of a month, but

there is nothing the

matter with the

material. It may be

had in drab, brown,

navy blue and crim-

son, it is light in

weight and in some

ways permits the air to

circulate, although

it is not so light as

used for storm-coats,

coach and carriage aprons, shoes, caps,

leggings, air cushions, carriage rugs, portable

baths, water and sponge bags. It is

also woven in plaids, checks and stripes for

short-sleeved jackets and skirts to wear

while hunting, fishing or walking in wet

weather.

Pink, blue, buff, pistache and lemon

waistings made of pressed damask picked

out on the edge sell at 50¢ a piece in the up-

town better shops. Then there are squares

of raw silk in the natural color that the

Newport set uses. Ah me!

The Dalmatian pattern is the latest for

apricot scarfs and covers in bullion, pur-

plum and cord etching.

Perhaps there is no more amiable woman

in public life than Mme. Helene Modjeska.

She is a happy soul and there is not a re-

corded instance of her having lost her temper

or been unable to get angry. "She

never gets angry," she says, "I cannot afford to get angry."

A woman at my time of life

must economize her emotions and her nerves

if she wants to hold the remnants of her

youth and beauty." Landresses forget to

bring back her finger and lace-edge hand-

kerchiefs, light-colored champagne and steel

her shell hairpins, hairpins on her

and modistes charge her for enough to con-

sume a giantess.

You go into a shop, says "Hab," you meet

your dearest friend, who whispers to you,

"How do you hold your stockings up?"

Then you whisper to her, and she says,

"Well, I suppose I will have to come down

to suspenders," and then she tells you that

she has the most adorable pair of garters,

one black and the other yellow, and that she

don't know what's got into them. "The first

one and then another will slide down, and

then she stockings goes with it, and in one

instance the stocking got as far as the heel

of her shoe, and the men on the sidewalk

were not the sort that were brought up to

believe "evil to him who evil thinks," and

she suffered perfect agony. There is no

doubt about it that the ordinary garter is

something to be wary of.

Think of this, girls, and wonder. Miss

Margaret Alford, the young niece of Dean

Alford, who has just taken first rank as a

Classic at Cambridge, has never found that

study interfered with her health. She has

studied about eight hours a day on an aver-

age, and enjoys long walks and plenty of

open-air exercise. She is also fond of

music, and used to find time to practise the

violin.

One of the newest shades of color is puce-

blue, which is charmingly effective com-

bined with gray. It is said to be the favorite

color of the Empress Eugenie.

An attempt is being made to introduce

perfumed gloves. The notion, it will be re-

membered by some good historians, is

borrowed from the toilet of Catherine de

Medicis. In the glove stores replicas of the

saintly work by Simon de l'Enfer, Le Roy

Montagne, Marie Antoinette and Josephine

Beauregard, which "kings tipped and

trembled kissing, are to be seen. The per-

fumed glove has the odor of sandal wood

about it which is most pleasing to the senses.

A West Virginia girl wanted a gold watch,

she had no money, but she traced muck-

rakes enough to raise an amount sufficient to

gratify her desire.

Apparently Kentucky is a good place to go

to if you want to live to be very old indeed.

Aunt Matilda Ruler, of Haywood, died at

the advanced age of 123 years. Her

mother, Charlotte Shuck, was 135 when she

died.

Rumor has it that Julia Ward Howe is

emulating the late Horace Greeley in the

matter of handwriting. It is not every

printer that can read it.

Louise Albers, a gifted French painter,

ambitious for the crime of Rosa Bonheur,

wears male attire and has a grace of man-

ner and speech that a Chesterfield might

have inspired.

It is no longer the thing for a low-necked

dress to be sleeveless, but the sleeves are

slashed in such a way as to effectively dis-

play the prettiest part of the arm.

SPOTLETS.

The Fourth of July crop of spot people was

unusually abundant this year.

A woman was given a coat of tar out West

and she was not smart.

In the House only one man can sit upon the

chair. Need it be said that Tom Reed is that

man?

Carnegie says there are rocks ahead of the

young man who has his foot on the ladder. The

young fellow said next time in making the

rocks.

"Ask and you shall receive," and "seek and you

shall find." This is the motto of no shary and

superstitious. But his faith is soon revived when he asks some

body for a knock-knee, paralytic, deaf or bilious.

—Critic Observer.

There is a great field in Washington. Kate

will please copy.

The Evening World had two additional colors

on it this morning. The "Fourth." It is

always read, and it is always read. "It was

White and Blue."

Why is the National "Yellow" like a business

street? Because it is "Yellow." This is good

enough for the fifth of July.

Some of our most prominent politicians seem

to be but clay in the hands of the Potter.

The Summer girl ought to be a nice, breezy

one.

The price of Monday's Teaching Circular, 25¢

in whole the week of all the have had, etc.,

the

AID THE INFANTS.

A Larger Corps of Physicians Needed for This Great City.

Hundreds of Babies Dying for

Want of Medicine.

Nell Nelson's Letter to a Woman

Philanthropist.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged.....\$1,155.95

Arthur and Louise.....10.00

Mrs. J. M. Spencer.....1.00

In Memory of Sophie Goldsmith.....2.50

Evelyn's Book of Songs......50

In Memoriam.

Please find enclosed two dollars for the

Sick Babies' Fund. In memory of Sophie

Goldsmith.

ANTHONY AND LOUISE, BROTHERS, N. Y.

Two Country Friends.

Enclosed please find check for \$10 for the

Sick Babies' Fund in answer to your appeal.

A Doctor Will Call.

To the Editor:

I am a little girl, eight years old. I have

been saving my pennies for the Sick Babies'

Fund, until I have \$1. My mamma has a

woman that does her washing for her. She

has seven children, and the baby is very

sick. I hope you will please send some one

to see the baby.

LITTLE ANNIE,

301 East Ninety-first street.

WHERE POVERTY REIGNS.

Nell Nelson's Letter to a Woman of

Wealth and Fashion.

DEAR Mrs. LAMBERT: Certainly you

may accompany a Free Fund Physician

any day you are ready "for a glimpse of

Dr. M." Send a note to Chief of Corps,

Dr. M. L. Foster, 36 West Thirty-fifth

street, designating the time and place of

meeting, and the handsome and most

affable gentleman on the staff will be at

your service as guide and guard.

Let me prepare you for an early engage-

ment, as the doctors are on the alert at 9

o'clock and visit from 75 to 100 families a

day. You will need your seven-league

boots to keep up with the most delibe-

rate members of the corps and a pungent

deodorizer of some sort as a sanitary pre-

caution. Wear your coolest, simplest

clothes; leave all your jewelry at home,

to escape being hooded rather than robbed,

and fill your pockets with alms and call-

ing cards, for you cannot make a trip of

this sort without increasing your list of

protectors, feeding those who hunger and

helping to piece out the rent for the un-

fortunate who have been rendered al-

most desperate by threats of eviction.

It is only by degrees that the dire dis-

tress of the east side is brought to the

notice of the west-siders, and I do not

think you have dreamed even of such

miseries as are suffered daily by our sis-

ters at the other end of this vast city.

The black border of your note tells me

that a bereavement has saddened your

home, and the tender reference to the

your sick babies lends me to think of a

loved and lost child. I would not open

with remembrance the wounds in your

heart further than to say that the woes of

others will soften your sorrows.

I know you have suffered, but not as

these east-side mothers do.

Your prosperity surrounded you with

comforts, beautified your home, glad-

dened your eyes, fed your soul, delighted

your senses and charmed your very exist-

ence; it brought you solace, friends,

ideals. Your little one was fostered and

pampered with love. Soft flannel, fine

linen, delicate lace and the sheers of

silk enhanced the loveliness of infancy.

The precious wealth that gave you will,

and skillful service multiplied the

blessings of Fortune and the bounty of

Nature.

My dear, your heart would break with

pity could you go with Dr. Hallwood into

Poverty street and see the destination of

a young mother and a babe not yet a

week old. Can you, remembering the

beauty and sumptuous appointment of

your boudoir, believe that a little one

could be born here to nothing at all but

the breath of life?

Actually nothing.

Not a garment in readiness, not a wrap

or shawl fit to touch the tender body

and not so much as a yard of clean, soft

cloth available.

Would it were